

VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

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NO. 10.

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J. L. WOODMAN,
REAL ESTATE, SHOPS, and findings of the
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash
over A. J. L. Woodman's.

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HOLDSALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods,
Groceries, Lard, Butter, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,
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Job Worker. Open and Two Wheeled, and all
styles of Carriages always on hand. Glover Vt.

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MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all
kinds and styles. Graining, Glazing, Whitewashing,
and Paper Hanging. Also Coffins and Caskets. Picture
Moulds, Spring Beds &c. Glover Vt.

NEW GOODS!
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of
MILLINERY
AND
Fancy Goods,
including all the latest styles from New York and Bos-
ton, such as: Neapolitan, Straw, Chip, Cane,
Sundown, and Linen hats; Bonnets, Shawls,
Silks, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings,
Collars, and a variety of Fancy Goods.
Glover Vt.

DRESS MAKING
done at our rooms by
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New
York and Boston
EVERY WEEK
and can give our customers
THE LATEST STYLES
AND
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
Thanking the public for their past favors, I hope to
receive your share of their patronage.
Barton, Vt., May 10, 1872. MRS. N. M. JEWELL, 13

A. J. CUTLER'S
MILLINERY
AND
Pattern Rooms,
SKINNER & DREW'S BLOCK, BARTON,
(Over the Post Office)
KATHAN'S BLOCK, NEWPORT,
(Formerly "Banner" Office).

I now present for the inspection of the Ladies my fall
selection of
Autumn and Winter Millinery Goods
In variety and elegance of design and fabric, they are
unrivalled by none. While our many facilities for
purchasing at the lowest rates, enables us to sell our
immense stock at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

I WOULD INVITE SPECIAL ATTENTION
to the branch of
MRS. DEMOREST'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The great increase of the pattern business since
the introduction of DEMOREST'S PATTERNS, has led to
the establishment of a new branch in every part of the
United States, which enables the ladies in the country
as well as the city to make their own selections. Each
pattern is enclosed in an envelope stamped with a plate
of the garment when completed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR
DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE,
For Ladies and Young People, 10 to 15 years.

Ladies are invited to
Call & Examine the Goods,
Barton, Vt., Oct. 1872.

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
And, on thy Eagle's plume,
Rides forth, like Sialon on his bird,
Or with upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake,
Where long and solemn sounding waves
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thrush
The grain he has not sown;
I see, with flashing symbols of fire,
The prairie harvest down!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain-pass,
On every stream his sail!

By forest, lake and water-fall
I see his peddler show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low!

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded wain;
He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the maddock in the mine,
The ax-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs with their painted brows
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city larks are stalked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material for a State,
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star that leads
The New World in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindling on its way,
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then, blessings on thy eagle's quill,
As wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
And Fancy's airy ride!

Yet, welcome them! real plumes,
Which Western trappers find,
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance-
sown.

Like feathers on the wind,
Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,
Whose glistering quill I hold;
Thy home the ample air of hope,
And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round
The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale
Where still the blind bird clings,
The sunshine of the upper sky
Shall glitter on thy wings!

WHAT BOYS KNOW ABOUT GIRLS.—
And now cometh a writer—he didn't say
his article was a composition, who tells
us considerable truth and gives his un-
biased opinion as to what boys think
about girls. We are inclined to think
what boys don't know isn't worth know-
ing; but to the article in question. Our
author says that girls are the most un-
accountable things in the world—except
women. Like the wicked flea,
when they have them they ain't there.
I can cipher clean over to improper frac-
tions, and the teacher says I do it first
rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper
or improper, and you can't either.
The only rule in arithmetic that hits
this case is the double rule of two.
They are as full of the old Nick as their
skins can hold, and they would be if
they couldn't torment somebody. When
they try to be mean they are as mean as
pusley, though they ain't as mean as
they let on except sometimes, and then
they are a good deal madder. The only
way to get along with a girl when she
comes at you with her nonsense, is to
give it to her tit for tat, and that will
flummox her, and when you get a girl
flummoxed she is as good as a new pin.

A boy can sow in a year, but girls
get their wild oats sowed in a while,
while boys never do, and then they set-
tle down as placid as a nudguddle.

But I like girls first-rate, and I guess
the boys all do. I don't care how many
tricks they play on me—and they don't
either. The boys say that girls can't
over like a glass of soda. By-and-by
they will go into the traces, with some-
body they like, and pull as steady as
any old stage-horse. That is the beauty
of them. So let them wave, I say; they
will pay for it some day, sewing on but-
tons and trying to make a decent man
of the fellow they have spliced on to,
and ten chances to one they don't get the
worst of it.

At a recent meeting of the principal
lumbermen of Maine, it was estimated
that there will be 40,000,000 feet less
logs cut in that state this year.

All in the Dark.

"Yes, I will propose," said Mr. Pat-
terson Conklin. "She expects me to, of
course, and last night she gave me a
pretty strong hint. When she sang,
'Why don't the Men Propose. Mamma,'
I am very certain that I caught her eye.
Yes, and there was an interrogation point
in her very glance. She expects it, she
has a right to expect it, and I'll do it!"

Mr. Conklin having delivered himself
thus, put on his coat and hat, and tak-
ing his cane under his arm sallied out
into the street.

Mr. Patterson Conklin was a bachelor
of forty-five. He was naturally predis-
posed to matrimony, and had just been
on the point of committing it twenty-
times in as many years. There had been
but one trouble—he could never bring
himself to propose. He had courted
more fair damsels than he had fingers
and toes, and he had lost them all, mere-
ly because he couldn't or wouldn't ask
them to name the day.

Now Mr. Conklin had been in love at
least twenty times, and yet he remained
unmarried. If you had asked him why
this, he would have answered you as
follows:

"Every true lover has these little loves
before the great one comes; they are like
those pretty pieces of carved wood which
Columbus found floating in the Atlantic,
forerunners and signs that he was draw-
ing near his great goal and approaching
the end of his wanderings across the
ocean. Now I have reached the goal.
The great love aforesaid has arrived. The
lady upon whom I lavish this great love
is most beautiful, and her name is Min-
nie Clelland. To-night I shall lay my
heart and fortune at her feet."

This pretty little story about every
true lover's little loves foretelling the
greater one was not original with Mr.
Conklin. He had found it in a novel
that he had picked up one night over to
Minnie's.

But leaving Mr. Patterson Conklin to
pursue his way, we will, if you please,
run on before, and take a glance at the
family of which his lady-love, the beau-
tiful Minnie, was the "bright particular
star."

The family consisted of the Hon. Hor-
ace Clelland, M. C., a very soft-spoken,
sweet-tempered, round-shouldered gentle-
man, over whose shining bald head fifty sum-
mers had bloomed and faded; Mrs. Clel-
land, a small black-eyed woman of forty,
who honored her husband; and believed
that his was the most towering and gi-
gantic intellect that the world had ever
seen, notwithstanding the fact that
Bobbie, the editor of the opposite paper,
persisted in calling him "an idiot."

A bag of wind, "a cat's paw for the
party leaders," and other choice names too
numerous to mention. Mrs. Clelland
was slow to anger, but if she could have
fixed her hands in Bobbie's hair only once,
his next editorial would have been writ-
ten in pain and anguish, without a scalp
to hide his emotions.

The other members of the family were
Minerva, a maiden lady of forty-two, a
sister of the Hon. Horace, and Minnie,
the daughter, a sweet little creature, who
had drank the sunshine of twenty sum-
mers till it bloomed in her cheeks, just
as the old port her father had drank
bloomed in his nose.

Upon this particular evening the fam-
ily were gathered in an upper room, di-
gnified by the name of "Mr. Clelland's
study." The honorable gentleman him-
self was pacing the room, with one hand
behind him, reading the evening paper
aloud. Mrs. C. was listening with rapt
attention to the mellow voice of her hus-
band, the only music in which she took
delight; Miss Clelland was knitting and
occasionally cast a glance toward Mr.
Billy Montgomery, who was seated by
the window with Minnie, whispering soft
nonsense in her ear, as he held her little
hand in his.

"I rather expected that Mr. Conklin
would call this evening," said Mr. Clel-
land, laying down his paper.

"O, I hope he will!" cried Minnie—
"And if he asks me to sing, I'll repeat
the dose I gave him last evening. Did
you notice how he blushed when I sang
'Why don't the Men Propose?'"

"And if he should propose?" queried
the Hon. Horace.

"I should accept, of course," answered
Minnie. "I never had a proposal in
my life, and I am going to take the first
offer."

"Never had a proposal?" whispered
the young gentleman in the window-seat.
"No, Billy."

"Then what the duce, what have I
been doing?"

"Well, I don't know, Billy. I'm sure
I only know you haven't asked me to
marry you."

"But I am not quite ready."

"But you see I am, and I don't be-
lieve in long engagements. Something
must happen."

"I think my dear," said the Honorable
Horace, pausing before the whispering
pair, "if your first offer comes from Mr.
Patterson Conklin, you will do exceed-
ingly well to accept." And Mr. Clel-
land resumed his walk, with a conscious-
ness of having done his duty in thus
openly expressing his opinion, particu-

larly as being a politician, it was some-
thing that he had hardly ever done be-
fore.

"He is really handsome," said Min-
nie, "notwithstanding his age."

"Age! my dear, he is right in the
prime of life."

Billy Montgomery began to feel like
an infant. Poor fellow he was only
twenty-five. What made him feel worse
was the fact that the Hon. Horace would
not seem conscious of his presence at all,
would not recognize the fact that must
have been palpable to any one else, that
he was madly in love with the fair Min-
nie, though the dear creature did tease
him terribly. And now he was talking
about her marrying another man, a man
old enough to be her father, as coolly
and calmly as if there wasn't such a
thing as a heart in the world. Was ever
a young and ardent lover in a worse
situation? I think not; that is if you
will be kind enough to except Leander
that time when he didn't swim the Hell-
espont.

"Well, never mind his age," cried
Minnie; "he's really a nice gentleman,
and he's very wealthy. I always thought
I should like to be an old man's darling."

"But he hasn't proposed," said Miss
Clelland, rising and leaving the room.

"And I pray that he never may!"
groaned Billy.

"Upon my word, I believe Aunt Min-
erva is jealous," laughed Minnie.

"Pshaw!" cried the Honorable Hor-
ace. "I believe I'll take a walk. Will
you go, Minnie?"

"No thank you; I'll wait for my lov-
er." The honorable gentleman went out
smiling benignly. Mrs. Clelland stole
out into the garden, and Billy and Min-
nie were left alone.

"O, Minnie, how could you talk so?"
"Pshaw! Billy, I didn't mean any-
thing, or, if I did, my meaning was so
deep that you could not discover it—
Don't you think I'm deep, Billy?"

"You're a provoking little witch,"
said he, with a melancholy smile.

"Am I? Well, then I'll try to be
good. Come, let us go down stairs, and
I'll sing you a song commencing:

*There have I loved dearly,
Yes, madly, sincerely, &c. &c.*

And when that song is finished I am
going to send you home, for I have got
a postscript to add. Come.

Half an hour later Mr. Conklin ar-
rived at the Clelland mansion. He had
been a long time on the way, for in the
first place his courage had all oozed out
at his fingers' ends, so he had to take a
long walk and talk to himself like a fa-
ther to rouse it once more. Now he felt
that he could face anything, so he rang
the bell.

"Pshaw!" said he, the door is open.
I'll walk right in. What? the gas not
lighted? Well, perhaps I'll find Min in
the drawing-room alone, and if I do—"

But just at this moment Mr. Conklin,
who had groped his way in the darkness,
through the hall, caught his foot in a
rug and stumbled headlong into the mid-
dle of the drawing-room.

"Oh!" screamed a female voice.

"Why the duce don't you light the
gas?" growled Mr. Conklin; and then
remembering where he was: "I beg par-
don, Miss Clelland. It is Miss Clel-
land, is it?"

"Yes."

Mr. Conklin staggered to his feet and
advanced to the sofa where she was sit-
ting.

"Are you alone? asked he."

"Yes, Mr. Conklin."

"You tremble, darling," he said, as
he took her hand and seated himself be-
side her. "And—hang it, Miss Clelland,
but I believe I do, too! And yet, my
dear, this is the happiest moment of my
life."

She sighed.

"Minnie, dearest, I love you."

"Is that love reciprocated? Call me
Patterson if it is."

"O Patterson!"

"You love no other man?"

"You are the first that e'er I sighed
for."

"Oh, blissful moment!"

"How divinely sweet
Is the pure joy when kindred spirits meet,"
she whispered.

"Then their lips met."

"Nectar!" exclaimed Mr. Conklin,
repeating the operation.

"Do you know darling, that that song
last night, 'Why don't the men propose,'
was what roused me? I might have
gone courting you for an age and never
have proposed but for that."

"And to think that I did not know
you were courting me," she said.

"Didn't you know it?"

"I wasn't certain. To be sure, you
sometimes looked unutterable things;
but you men are such gay deceivers—"

"O, darling! did you think that I
could deceive you?"

"And they kissed again."

"But say, dearest, that you will be-
lieve my own darling little wife. I
knew I am old enough to be your father,
but what of that? I will be your
husband, father and lover all in one—
You will be mine?"

"I will; I am thine, only thine."

But at that moment footsteps were
heard in the hall.

"It is Mr. Clelland. Let me sit fur-
ther off," whispered Patterson; but she
only clung the closer.

"What! all in the dark?" cried the
honorable gentleman advancing into the
drawing-room.

Mr. Conklin hardly dared to breathe,
and the dear creature still clung to him,
as does the ivy to the oak.

Mr. Clelland struck a match and the
next instant a broad flame spurted from
the gas jet and flooded the whole room
with light.

"What do I see?" exclaimed the Hon-
orable Horace, fixing his eyes upon Mr.
Conklin and the maiden by his side.

"Do you give your consent?" stam-
mered Patterson, blinking in the gas
light?

"My consent! Dunder and blitzen! yes,
dash it! yes, yes, take her—take her!
and go to Hades—what! what an infernal
old fool I have been!" and the
honorable gentleman threw himself into
a chair and groaned aloud.

Mr. Patterson Conklin couldn't un-
derstand this at all. He didn't think
it either proper or becoming for an M.
C. What! take his daughter, the beau-
tiful little darling, and go to the bad
place! No, he wouldn't do anything of
the sort; he would wear her in his heart's
core.

He waited for Mr. Clelland to explain,
but he only groaned. Then he turned to
Minnie—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!" he screamed, springing half way
across the room. "Is not this something
more than fantasy? 'Twas Minnie that
I loved; but by heaven, I've been mak-
ing love to her aunt!" and he sank into
a chair quite overcome with emotion.

But just at that moment Minnie walk-
ed into the room, leaning on Billy Mont-
gomery's arm.

"Father," said she, "I told you to-
night that I should accept the first man
who dared make a proposal of marriage
to me. This is the man who dared."

"Bless you, my children," said the
Hon. Horace. Then he cast a withering
glance at Patterson and another at Aunt
Minerva and hurriedly left the room.

The happy couple followed him, leav-
ing Patterson and the tear-stained Min-
erva alone.

"This is an infernal bad affair," mut-
tered that gentleman, taking his hands
out of his hair.

She tried to speak but could not.

"I've made a fool of myself," said
Patterson.

"Yes; but you would make a greater
fool of yourself by marrying that little
chit of a girl," sobbed Minerva.

"Egad! I don't know but what you
are right."

"I'm su-sure of it."

Patterson came back and sat down be-
side her. Presently he stole one arm
around her waist.

"Will you have me now?"

"I don't know. O, Patterson! You
have nearly broken my heart," she sob-
bed.

"Can't you forgive me, darling?" and
he kissed her.

"Do you love me as well as you said
you did, when—when you thought I was
some one else?"

"Why, I think I can learn to."

"Well, then I guess you may learn,"
said she, throwing herself upon his bos-
om.

I left just then; but in conclusion I
am happy to inform the reader that
whether Patterson ever learned to love
Minerva or not, I am sure of one thing,
that about two months after that mem-
orable evening there was a double wed-
ding at the Honorable Horace Clelland's
house, and Mr. Patterson Conklin and
Mr. Billy Montgomery were the happy
bridegrooms; and I don't believe that
the former has ever regretted making
his marriage proposal "all in the dark."

A MAGNIFICENT ECHO.—Up in the
Lehigh Valley there is a hotel keeper
who has a mountain about a quarter
of a mile from the house, and it occurred
to him that it would be a good idea if
he could fix things so that a magnificent
echo could be heard from the mountain
by persons who stood at the hotel and
hallooed. So he engaged a boy to se-
crete himself behind a clump of trees,
with orders to repeat the words of any
one talking on the roof of the hotel. Af-
ter practicing a while to make sure, the
landlord announced one day his discov-
ery of the echo, and took up a lot of peo-
ple to enjoy it. They called for half an
hour, but no echo responded. At last,
when the landlord had become crimson
with rage, and was about to give in, the
echo came, but not in the shape expect-
ed. It said: "Been down to the spring
for mother; fire away now. I'm all
right." The guests smiled, and min-
or suddenly disappeared. It is danger-
ous now to mention the word "echo" at
that hotel.

The steamship Indiana, the third
steamer of the Philadelphia and Liver-
pool line, has been for a month ready
for launching, which has been prevented
by the ice in the Delaware river. The
steamer Pennsylvania, the pioneer of the
line, will make a trial trip early in
April.

MY SECRET.

BY W. H. W.

I was born among the green hills of
Vermont, but when quite young my par-
ents removed to Canada where my young-
er days were spent. My parents were poor
and, realizing the fact, I grew up with
a sort of feeling of inferiority to those
around me. I never mingled in the gay
gatherings of my schoolmates and neigh-
bors, from an indefinite idea that I, with
my coarse clothes and awkward manners,
would be looked upon as a sort of intru-
der, as well as from a fear that I might
be made the butt for their jokes, from
which, with my sensitiveness, I shrank
with an instinctive feeling of dread.

When eighteen years of age, I went
to a neighboring village to "learn a
trade." I engaged to serve three years
but at the end of two years my health
failed, and I was compelled to return to
the farm. About this time I made the
acquaintance of a young lady who, in
every respect, accorded with my idea of
perfection in woman, and as every one
must, sooner or later, I immediately pro-
ceeded to fall in love. Mine was no
idle passion, fading at the first pretty
face I beheld, but that fond, abiding
love which springs from a feeling of true
respect and admiration for one who pos-
sessed sterling qualities of a mental and
moral nature. Nettie was intelligent,